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AMONG THE LILIES.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

Beautiful black-fringed eyes,
How have you lost your light,
Hidden away from sight,
Veiled with a dull surprise?
Can you see farther than we;
Prophets and spirits of light
Walking in robes of white,
Out on the jasper sea?

Rosy and smiling lips,
How are ye pale and chilled,
How is your music stilled—
Your brightness in sad eclipse?
Could ye but speak and say
What is the secret of Death,
Robbing your bloom and your breath,
Stealing your sweetness away?

Fair little idle hands,
Once with so warm a clasp,
Frozen in Death's cold grasp,
Pale in your flowery bands;
Long shall ye solemnly lie,
Crossed in this callous rest,
Changelessly over her breast,
Under the changeable sky.

Gentle and loving heart,
Have ye no tenderness left?
Pity for us bereft,
Grief for our painful part?
Soothed in that stony sleep
Seas could not part us more,
Ye on the farther shore,
We to remember and weep.

Lilies above her brow,
Lilies upon her breast—
Pure as the place of their rest—
Bury her under the snow;
Bury them under the snow,
Planting with tears the sod,
There let them blossom and grow,
Fit for the garden of God.

TWICE BLIND;

OR,

THE MAID OF MALINES.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

CONCLUDED.

Flushed, elated, triumphant, Julie bent upon him her sparkling eyes; *she* did not undeceive him.

"You are wrong, you mistake," said Madame le Tisseur, in confusion; "that is her cousin Julie, this is your Lucille."

St. Amand rose, turned, saw Lucille, and at that moment she wished herself in her grave. Surprise, mortification, disappointment, almost dismay, were depicted in his gaze. He had been haunting his prison house with dreams, and, now set free, he felt how unlike they were to the truth. Too new to observation to read the woe, the despair, the lapse and shrinking of the whole frame, that his look occasioned Lucille, he yet felt, when the first shock of his surprise was over, that it was not thus he should thank her who had restored him to sight. He hastened to redeem his error; ah! how could it be redeemed?

From that hour all Lucille's happiness was at an end; her fairy palace was shattered in the dust; the magician's wand was broken up; the Ariel was given to the winds; and the bright enchantment no longer distinguished the land she lived in from the rest of the barren world. It was true that St. Amand's words were kind; it is true that he remembered with the deepest gratitude all she had done in his behalf; it is true that he forced himself again and again to say, "She is my betrothed—my benefactress!" and he cursed himself to think that the feelings he had entertained for her were fled. Where was the passion of his words? where the ardor of his tone? where that light and play and light of countenance which her step, *her* voice could formerly call forth? When they were alone he was embarrassed and constrained, and almost cold, his hand no longer sought hers; his soul no longer missed her if she was absent a moment from his side. When in their household circle, he seemed visibly more at ease; but did his eyes fasten upon her who had opened them to the day? did they not wander at every interval with a too eloquent admiration to the blushing and radiant face of the exulting Julie? This was not, you will believe, suddenly perceptible in one day or one week, but every day it was perceptible more and more. Yet still—bewitched, ensnared as St. Amand was—he never perhaps would have been guilty of an infidelity that he strove with the keenest remorse to wrestle against; had it not been for the fatal contrast, at the first

moment of his gushing enthusiasm, which Julie had presented to Lucille; but for that he would have formed no previous idea of real and living beauty to aid the disappointment of his imaginings and dreams. He would have seen Lucille young and graceful, and with eyes beaming affection, contrasted only by the wrinkled countenance and bended frame of her parents, and she would have completed her conquest over him before he had discovered that she was less beautiful than others; nay, more—that infidelity never could have lasted above the first few days, if the vain and heartless object of it had not exerted every art, all the power and witchery of her beauty, to cement and continue it. The unfortunate Lucille—so susceptible to the slightest change in those she loved, so diffident of herself, so proud too in that diffidence—no longer necessary, no longer missed, no longer loved—could not bear to endure the galling comparison of the past and present. She fled uncomplainingly to her chamber to indulge her tears, and thus, unhappily, absent as her father generally was during the day, and busied as her mother was either at work or in household matters, she left Julie a thousand opportunities to complete the power she had begun to wield over—no, not the heart!—the senses of St. Amand! Yet, still not suspecting, in the open generosity of her mind, the whole extent of her affliction, poor Lucille buoyed herself at times with the hope that when once married, when once in that intimacy of friendship, the unspeakable love she felt for him could disclose itself with less restraint than at present,—she should perhaps regain a heart which had been so devotedly hers, that she could not think that without a fault it was irrevocably gone; on that hope she anchored all the little happiness that remained to her. And still St. Amand pressed their marriage, but in what different tones! In fact, he wished to preclude from himself the possibility of a deeper ingratitude than that which he had incurred already. He vainly thought that the broken reed of love might be bound up and strengthened by the ties of duty; and at least he was anxious that his hand, his fortune, his esteem, his gratitude, should give to Lucille the only recompense it was now in his power to bestow. Meanwhile, left alone so often with Julie, and Julie bent on achieving the last triumph over his heart, St. Amand was gradually preparing a far different reward, a far different return for her to whom he owed so incalculable a debt.

There was a garden behind the house, in which there was a small arbor, where often in the summer evenings Eugene and Lucille had sat together—hours never to return! One day she heard from her own chamber, where she sat mourning, the sound of St. Amand's flute swelling gently from that beloved and consecrated bower. She wept as she heard it, and the memories that the music bore softening and endearing his image, she began to reproach herself that she had yielded so often to the impulse of her wounded feelings; that, chilled by his coldness, she had left him so often to himself, and had not sufficiently dared to tell him of that affection which, in her modest self-depreciation, constituted her only pretention to his love. "Perhaps he is alone now," she thought; "the tune too is one which he knew that I loved:" and with her heart on her step she stole from the house and sought the arbour. She had scarce turned from her chamber when the flute ceased; as she neared the arbour she heard voices—Julie's voice in grief, St. Amand's in consolation. A dread foreboding seized her; her feet clung rooted to the earth.

"Yes, marry her—forget me," said Julie; "in a few days you will be another's, and I, I—forgive me, Eugene, forgive me that I have disturbed your happiness. I am punished sufficiently—my heart will break, but it will break loving you"—sobs choked Julie's voice.

"O, speak not thus," said St. Amand. "I—I only am to blame. I, false to both, to both ungrateful. O, from the hour that these eyes opened upon you I drank in a new life; the sun itself to me was less wonderful than your beauty. But—but—let me forget that hour. What do I not owe to Lucille? I shall be wretched—I shall deserve to be so; for shall I not think, Julie, that I have embittered your life with our ill fated love? But all that I can give—my hand—my home—my plighted faith—must be hers. Nay, Julie, nay—why that look? could I act otherwise? can I dream otherwise? Whatever the sacrifice, *must* I not render it? Ah, what do I owe to Lucille, were it only for the thought that but for her I might never have seen thee."

Lucille stayed to hear no more; with the same soft step as that which had borne her within hearing of these fatal words, she turned back once more to her desolate chamber.

That evening, as St. Amand was sitting alone in his apartment, he heard a gentle knock at the door. "Come in," he said, and Lucille entered. He started in some confusion, and would have taken her hand, but she gently repulsed him. She took a seat opposite to him, and looking down, thus addressed him:

"My dear Eugene, that is, Monsieur St. Amand, I have something on my mind that I think it better to speak at once; and if I do not exactly express what I would wish to say, you must not be offended at Lucille; it is not an easy matter to put into words what one feels deeply." Coloring, and suspecting something of the truth, St. Amand would have broken in upon her here; but she with a gentle impatience, waived him to be silent, and continued:

"You know that when you once loved me, I used to tell you that you would cease to do so, could you see how undeserving I was of your attachment. I did not deceive myself, Eugene; I always felt assured that such would be the case, that your love for me necessarily rested on your affliction; but, for all that, I never at least had a dream, or a desire, but for your happiness; and God knows, that if again, by walking barefooted, not to Cologne, but to Rome—to the end of the world, I could save you from a much less misfortune than that of blindness, I would cheerfully do it; yes, even though I might foretell all the while that, on my return, you would speak to me coldly, think of me lightly, and that the penalty to me would—would be—what it has been." Here Lucille wiped a few natural tears from her eyes; St. Amand, struck to the heart, covered his face with his hands, without the courage to interrupt her. Lucille continued:

"That which I foresaw has come to pass; I am no longer to you what once I was, when you could clothe this poor form and this homely face with a beauty they did not possess; you would wed me still, it is true; but I am proud, Eugene, and cannot stoop to gratitude where I once had love. I am not so unjust as to blame you; the change was natural, was inevitable. I should have steeled myself more against it; but I am now resigned; we must part; you love Julie—that too is natural—and *she* loves you; ah! what also more probable in the course of events? Julie loves you not yet, perhaps, so much as I did, but then she has not known you as I have, and she, whose whole life has been triumph, cannot feel the gratitude I felt at fancying myself loved; but this will come; God grant it! Farewell, then, for ever, dear Eugene, I leave you when you no longer want me; you are now independent of Lucille; wherever you go, a thousand hereafter can supply my place;—farewell!"

She rose, as she said this, to leave the room; but St. Amand, seizing her hand, which she in vain endeavored to withdraw from his clasp, poured forth incoherently, passionately, his reproaches on himself, his eloquent persuasions against her resolution.

"I confess," said he, "that I have been allured for a moment; I confess that Julie's beauty made me less sensible to your stronger, your holier, O! far, far holier title to my love! But forgive me, dearest Lucille; already I return to you, to all I once felt for you; make me not curse the blessing of sight that I owe to you. You must not leave me; never can we two part; try me, only try me, and if ever, hereafter, my heart wander from you, *then*, Lucille, leave me to my remorse!"

Even at this moment, Lucille did not yield; she felt that his prayer was but the enthusiasm of the hour; she felt that there was a virtue in her pride; that to leave him was a duty to herself. In vain he pleaded; in vain were his embraces, his prayers; in vain he reminded her of her plighted troth, of her aged parents, whose happiness had become wrapped in her union with him; "How, even were it as you wrongly believe, how in honor to them can I desert you, can I wed another?"

"Trust that, trust all to me," answered Lucille; "your honor shall be my care, none shall blame *you*; only do not let your marriage with Julie be celebrated before their eyes; that is all I ask, all they can expect. God bless you! do not fancy I shall be unhappy, for whatever happiness the world gives you, shall I not have contributed to bestow it?—and with that thought I am above compassion."

She glided from his arms, and left him to a solitude more bitter even than that of blindness; that very night Lucille sought her mother; to her she confided all. I pass over the reasons she urged, the arguments she overcame; she conquered rather than convinced, and leaving to Madame le Tisseur the painful task of breaking to her father her unalterable resolution, she quitted Malines the next morning, and with a heart too honest to be utterly without comfort, paid that visit to her aunt which had been so long deferred.

The pride of Lucille's parents prevented them from reproaching St. Amand. He did not bear, however, their cold and altered looks; he left their house; and though for several days he would not even see Julie, yet her beauty and her art gradually resumed their empire over him. They were married at Courtroi, and, to the joy of the vain Julie, departed to the gay metropolis of France. But before their departure, before his marriage, St. Amand endeavored to appease his conscience, by purchasing for Monsieur le Tisseur, a much more lucrative and honorable office than he now held. Rightly judging that Malines could no longer be a pleasant residence for them, and much less for Lucille, the duties of the post were to be fulfilled in another town; and knowing that Monsieur le Tisseur's delicacy would revolt at receiving such a favor from his hands, he kept the nature of his negotiation a close secret, and suffered the honest citizen to believe that his own merits alone entitled him to so unexpected a promotion.

Time went on. This quiet and simple history of humble affections took its date in a stormy epoch of the world—the dawning revolution of France. The family of Lucille had been little more than a year settled in their new residence, when Dumouriez led his army into the Netherlands. But how meanwhile had that year passed for Lucille! I have said that her spirit was naturally high; that though so tender, she was not weak; her very pilgrimage to Cologne alone, and at the timid age of seventeen, proved that there was a strength in her nature no less than a devotion in her love. The sacrifice she made brought its own reward. She believed St. Amand was happy, and she would not give way to the selfishness of grief; she had still duties to perform; she could still comfort her parents, and cheer their age; she could still be all the world to them; she felt this, and was consoled. Only once during the year had she heard of Julie; she had

been seen by a mutual friend at Paris, gay, brilliant, courted, and admired; of St. Amand she heard nothing.

My tale does not lead me through the harsh scenes of war. I do not tell you of the slaughter and the siege, and the blood that inundated those fair lands, the great battle field of Europe. The people of the Netherlands in general were with the cause of Dumouriez, but the town in which Le Tisseur dwelt offered some faint resistance to his arms. Le Tisseur himself, despite his age, girded on his sword; the town was carried, and the fierce and licentious troops of the conqueror poured, flushed with their easy victory, through its streets. Le Tisseur's house was filled with drunken and rude troopers; Lucille herself trembled in the fierce gripe of one of those dissolute soldiers, more bandit than soldier, whom the subtle Dumouriez had united to his army, and by whose blood he so often saved that of his nobler band; her shrieks, her cries were vain, when suddenly the reeking troopers gave way; "the captain! brave captain!" was shouted forth; the insolent soldier, felled by a powerful arm, sank senseless at the feet of Lucille; and a glorious form, towering above its fellows, even through its glittering garb, even in that dreadful hour, remembered at a glance by Lucille, stood at her side; her protector—her guardian!—thus once more she beheld St. Amand!

The house was cleared in an instant—the door barred. Shouts, groans, wild snatches of exulting song, the clang of arms, the tramp of horses, the hurrying footsteps; the deep music, sounded loud and blended terribly without; Lucille heard them not,—she was on that breast which never should have deserted her.

Effectually to protect his friends, St. Amand took up his quarters at their house; and for two days he was once more under the same roof as Lucille. He never recurred voluntarily to Julie; he answered Lucille's timid inquiry after her health briefly, and with coldness, but he spoke with all the enthusiasm of a long pent and ardent spirit, of the new profession he had embraced. Glory seemed now to be his only mistress, and the vivid delusion of the first bright dreams of the revolution filled his mind, broke from his tongue, and lighted up those dark eyes which Lucille had redeemed to day.

She saw him depart at the head of his troop; she saw his proud crest glancing in the sun; she saw his steed winding through the narrow street; she saw that his last glance reverted to her, where she stood at the door; and as he waived his adieu, she fancied that there was on his face that look of deep and grateful tenderness which reminded her of the one bright epoch of her life.

She was right; St. Amand had long since in bitterness repented of a transient infatuation, had long since discovered the true Florimel from the false, and felt that, in Julia, Lucille's wrongs were avenged. But in the hurry and heat of war, he plunged that regret—the keenest of all—which imbibes the bitter words, "TOO LATE!"

Years passed away, and in the resumed tranquility of Lucille's life the brilliant apparition of St. Amand appeared as something dreamt of, not seen. The star of Napoleon had risen above the horizon; the romance of his early career had commenced; and the campaign of Egypt had been the herald of those brilliant and meteoric successes which flashed forth from the gloom of the revolution of France.

Many French as well as the English troops returned home from Egypt, blinded with the ophthalmia of that arid soil. Some of the young men in Lucille's town, who had joined Napoleon's army, came back, darkened by that fearful affliction, and Lucille's aid, and Lucille's sweet voice were ever at hand for those poor sufferers, whose common misfortune touched so thrilling a chord of her heart.

Her father was now dead, and she had only her mother to cheer amid the ills of age. As one evening they sat at work together, Madame le Tisseur said, after a pause:

"I wish, dear Lucille, thou couldst be persuaded to marry Justin; he loves thee well, and now that thou art yet young, and hast many years before thee, thou shouldst remember that when Idie thou wilt be alone."

"Ah, cease, dearest mother, I never can marry now, and as for love—once taught in the bitter school in which I have learned the knowledge of myself—I cannot be deceived again."

"My Lucille, you do not know yourself; never was woman loved, if Justin does not love you; and never did lover feel with real warmth how worthily he loved."

And this was true; and not of Justin alone, for Lucille's modest virtues, her kindly temper, and a certain undulating and feminine grace, which accompanied all her movements, had secured her as many conquests as if she had been beautiful. She had rejected all offers of marriage with a shudder; without even the throb of a flattered vanity. One memory, sadder, was also dearer to her than all things; and something sacred in its recollections made her deem it even a crime to think of effacing the past by a new affection.

"I believe," continued Madame le Tisseur, angrily, "that thou still thinkest fondly of him from whom only in the world thou couldst have experienced ingratitude."

"Nay, mother," said Lucille, with a blush and a slight sigh, "Eugene is married to another."

While thus conversing, they heard a gentle and timid knock at the door—the latch was lifted. "This," said the rough voice of a commissaire of the town—"this, monsieur, is the house of *Madame le Tisseur*, and *voilà mademoiselle*!" A tall figure, with a shade over his eyes, and wrapped in a long military cloak, stood in the room. A thrill shot across Lucille's heart. He stretched out his arms; "Lucille," said that melancholy voice, which had made the music of her first youth—"where art thou, Lucille; alas! she does not recognise St. Amand."

Thus was it, indeed. By a singular fatality, the burning sun and the sharp dust of the plains of Egypt had smitten the young soldier, in the flush of his career, with a second—and this time with an irremediable—blindness! He had returned to France to find his hearth lonely: Julie was no more—sudden fever had cut her off in the midst of youth; and he had sought his way to Lucille's house, to see if one hope yet remained to him in the world!

And when, days afterward, humbly and sadly he re-urged a former suit, did Lucille shut her heart to its prayer? Did her pride remember its wound—did she revert to his desertion—did she say to the whisper of her yearning love—"Thou hast been before forsaken?" That voice and those darkened eyes pleaded to her with a pathos not to be resisted; "I am once more necessary to him," was all her thought; "if I reject him, who will tend him?" In that thought was the motive of her conduct; in that thought gushed back upon her soul all the springs of checked, but unconquered, unconquerable love! In that thought she stood beside him at the altar, and pledged, with a yet holier devotion than she might have felt of yore, the vow of her imperishable truth.

And Lucille found, in the future, a reward which the common world could never comprehend. With his blindness returned all the feelings she had first awakened in St. Amand's solitary heart; again he yearned for her step—again he missed even a moment's absence from his side—again her voice chased the shadow from his brow—and in her presence was a sense of shelter and of sunshine. He no longer sighed for the blessing he had lost; he reconciled himself to fate, and entered into that serenity of mood which

mostly characterizes the blind. Perhaps, after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister which repels the ardor of our hope is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness, looses its terror when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day. It was something, too, as they advanced in life, to feel the chains that bound him to Lucille strengthening daily, and to cherish in his overflowing heart the sweetness of increasing gratitude; it was something that he could not see years wrinkle that open brow, or dim the tenderness of that touching smile; it was something that to him she was beyond the reach of time, and preserved to the verge of the grave, (which received them both within a few days of each other,) in all the bloom of her unwithering affection—in all the freshness of a heart that never could grow old!

A BUNCH OF DAISIES.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was a happy moment in the life of Madame de Breuil, that in which she received the congratulations of her friends and neighbors on the approaching marriage of her nephew, Ernest de Merieux, with Madame d' Aubrielle.

The good lady did the honors of her *salon* with a triumphant and joyous air, and appeared at least ten years younger than usual; for the wedding was to take place next day, and they were about to sign the contract; the notary was present, and the relations were fast arriving.

Ernest and Louise, occupied with each other, almost shrank from the compliments showered upon them by the guests.

Ernest felt in his secret soul that he had arrived at that plenitude of happiness so often imagined in his day-dreams, but which he had despaired of ever attaining.

In the midst of the rich presents given by the bridegroom to the bride, one gift formed a strong contrast to the rest by its simplicity; this was a bouquet of daisies, freshly gathered. Every one was surprised to see it there, and many remarks were made on the subject. The wits of the party supposed that the young couple meant to interrogate these flowers, for the pleasure of having repeated what they had already heard so often.

All at once the notary, Monsieur Celestin Gobillot, who was still a young man, with an honest face, said, on approaching the table where the presents were displayed, and looking at the daisies through his spectacles, "This bouquet puts me in mind of the only romantic adventure of my life. Whilst I was at Gisors, head clerk in the office of M. Prichard, I went one evening to a village *fete* which was held in repute in the neighborhood. I had donned my best clothes, and I went merrily to the forest of Frauville, where there was to be a ball on the village green. It was quite dark by the time I reached it; the weather, which had been fine until then, changed suddenly; a terrible gust of wind, accompanied by large drops of rain and some claps of thunder, carried away the tent which had sheltered the dancers, and extinguished most of the lights. There was a tumult, screams, and indistinguishable confusion. Every one fled right and left; but what made it worse was that some young men, elegantly dressed, but half-drunk and ill-conducted, wished to take advantage of this mishap. Two of them were pursuing a young lady who was flying from them, shrieking wildly, whilst a third was having an altercation with her father, or husband. I have never been able to discover which relation he held to the lady, but he was an old man, of most respectable appearance, who had no chance against these young scamps. I had

a supple hand and foot, and a good walking-stick, so I gave chase to the ruffians, who had almost gained upon the distressed beauty. I rained blows upon the cowards indiscriminately, and obliged them to fly. Then I left the young lady to assist the old gentleman, and his assailant fled likewise. I was master of the field of battle.

"The storm increased. The poor lady had fainted—or nearly so. I took her in my arms, desired the old gentleman to follow me, and carried her to the forrester's house, about a hundred yards from the scene of action. When we arrived there, no light was to be had; the gentleman seemed almost frantic; and the lady could scarcely open her eyes. I offered to go out and try to procure a conveyance for them. The gentleman thanked me, saying he had expected his carriage, but it had not made its appearance; and he begged me to find some vehicle for them.

"I rushed off immediately, but my search was unsuccessful—not a carriage could be found. At the end of an hour, streaming with rain, and out of breath, I returned to the cottage, but found nobody there except the forester, who told me that after my departure several friends had arrived in great agitation; that they gathered about the young lady, who continued ill; then a fine carriage drove up, into which they all entered without delay, and off they went. The old gentleman desired the forester to tell me how very thankful he was for my trouble, and to apologise for leaving before I came back, also to tell me his name; but the idiot had forgotten it, and distorted it in such a manner that I could not make it out. The lady had left a bouquet of daisies for me—I had remarked it in her girdle. I kept those flowers carefully until my wedding day, when I sacrificed them on the shrine of Hymen, and presented them to Madame Gobillot."

During this recital Ernest kept his eyes fixed on his betrothed, who blushed, grew pale, and glanced earnestly at the notary, with a certain degree of emotion, then turned towards her lover with an air in which was mingled a little confusion, somewhat of reproach, and a good deal of affection.

Ernest understood it all, and was going to murmur in her ear how they had fallen into this double mistake, when Madame de Breuil, who perhaps knew more of this affair than she allowed to appear, signed to the notary, exclaiming, "Come, sir, the contract—the contract, sir! that will be the best story."

It was then suddenly discovered that one of the cousins, whose presence was necessary, had not arrived.

"Tis no matter; let us sign, at all events," said Madame de Breuil, adding, "The old miser! he will be coming by the diligence, and who can tell at what hour those provoking machines may pass this road?"

"Don't abuse the diligence too much," said Madame de Sauvray, the poor canoness, who made but a sorry figure in the midst of these joyful wedding preparations. "Chance," she continued, "obliged me, three years ago, to travel in one of them with my uncle De Laney. I remember that night well, for we had a fellow traveler one of the most delightful of young men I ever met with. There was at once established between us a sort of sympathy, an intimacy, and on his side most marked attentions, which I had the good sense to attribute in a great degree to the darkness of the night; but I confess I did not like him the less on that account; for, thanks to him, those hours, the fatigue and *ennui* of which I had dreaded, were amongst the most agreeable I have ever spent. I have often, too often perhaps, pondered upon them, and I should have ended in giving too large a place in my heart to the amiable unknown, if I had not remembered that Louise de Sauvray is fated to grow old without entering

into those ties that sometimes make life almost Paradise."

This time it was Ernest who started, and Madame d'Aubrielle who made a discovery. In an instant she was beside her betrothed, to whom she whispered, "It appears there are two bouquets and two Louises. Ernest, do you love me now?"

"Dearest, a great deal more, and better," he replied; "but tell me—"

"I will—to-morrow," she said; but her blushes and smile had told already.

At this moment Madame de Breuil, who had signed the contract, handed the pen to her nephew, saying, in a low tone, "Well, my poor Ernest, what have you done with your ideal?"

"I have exchanged her for happiness," he replied, looking towards his Louise, "and I do not complain of my bargain."

Music.

HOW TO MAKE POPULAR HITS.

When composing Trios or Duettos which we wish to render available in a short time to the unlearned in music, we cannot select better melodies than those that will progress harmoniously in two parts, with thirds and sixes, and so arranged that the bass notes will be moving only to the *tonic*, and *dominant*, with an occasional change to the *subdominant*. Composers will find, by attending to this rule, that their compositions will be easily caught up by ear-singers, and will be appreciated by them. In fact, singers with little experience in the progressive laws of varied harmonies will read music of this character much better than they will classical compositions; classical pieces they cannot read. Moreover, good ear-singers will be enabled to add parts themselves without the aid of music, on the first hearing of the melody, almost as correctly as an author can arrange them. Some musicians call such exploits vamping by ear, and this style of vamping is frequently used in simple dance music by lazy instrumentalists who will not trouble to write parts for themselves. Such compositions, as I have before said, will soon obtain much popularity with the mass, and are as soon thrown aside by them when often repeated.

I will now, by way of instruction to young composers, speak of a few rules for the systematic use of thirds, sixes, doubled unisons and *subtonics*, or major sevenths.

A sequence of major thirds in parallel motion are bad, and not more than two should be employed consecutively. Any number of minor thirds are good in a sequence, but minor sixes are not pleasing, because they are the inversion of major thirds, and for this reason, not more than two should be employed following each other. Major sixes are good and can be used in a sequence, as they are the inversion of minor thirds. But thirds and sixes are most pleasing when short sequences of each alternate with each other.

The reason why unisons should not be doubled in two parts, with the exception of the beginning or ending the strain, is, because we omit one part by the progression. When it is possible we should avoid doubling the major third, as major thirds overpower the other notes. However, sometimes it cannot be avoided, more especially when we use the sixth and third taken from the seventh form of the ancients. Should we employ this harmony in four parts, one third should descend a semitone, and the other should ascend a whole tone.

We should always avoid doubling the *subtonic* or major seventh, because it leads one semitone in ascending to the *tonic* or key note, which should be taken by one part only. This great fault, I again repeat, must be avoided.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

THE HAND OF GOD IN ALL RELIGIONS.

CONCLUDED.

Before we can properly see the hand of God in the raising up of the great religions of past ages, there is one fact that must be clearly understood, and that is that unless the Pagan and Mohammedan sections of the world had had their peculiar religions, they would have had none at all. There is a sort of an undefined notion in many persons' minds, that all nations could have obtained Jesus's Gospel had they wanted it. This is untrue. That Gospel, numerically speaking, has not been offered to the one-thousandth portion of the human family. The solitary believers in Jesus, who have penetrated a few points in the vast regions controlled by other faiths, have been buried up and lost among the swarming myriads who have lived and died utterly unconscious of their presence. To this very day, the little portion of the earth where it is even known that Jesus lived, can be covered on the map, by the point of your finger; while the wide domains of Mohammedanism, Paganism, etc., are comparatively larger than the palm of your hand. To this great world of humanity, practically, no gospel but their own has ever been offered; and, therefore, unless God has raised up the faiths they have He has done nothing for them at all.

As the latter conclusion is too repulsive to think of, and all our intuitions of the order, beauty and completeness of the universe are opposed to it, we look for the Divine Hand in such religions as do exist; and we find abundant evidence confirming what our souls tell us must be true. Evidences of the movements of this Hand we have already traced, in the lives of the great founders of Hindooism and Mohammedanism, but its operations are confined to no section of the globe. Passing to the vast empire of China, we behold it no less in the raising up and in the inspiration of the great teacher, Confucius. Here we have a man who, living over two thousands of years ago, has made his name immortal among his own people; and so impressed upon them his convictions of truth, that to this hour, they are the guiding star of every Chinese household. He is to them, in a large degree, what Jesus is to the European world. They quote his sentiments as the height of philosophy, and the divinest of wisdom; and many of them, truly, are so akin to those of Jesus of Nazareth, that it is evident that, if he received not of his fullness, he, at least, drank at the same fountain. His doctrines have influenced millions of human beings to modesty, contentment, justice, and a score of other virtues. They have fed the Chinese mind with the highest conceptions of God, and of civil and religious duty, that they could entertain; but more than all, they have assisted to lay the foundation for the peaceful control of millions of Chinese, for ages, who, without it, would have helplessly drifted into every form of anarchy and confusion.

In viewing the necessities of this shrewd but childish race, and what these principles have done for them—the harmony, civilization and refinement they have brought to their undeveloped natures, we are compelled to the conclusion that

we can no more deny God to the mission of Confucius, than we can to the rain or the sunshine that has blest his land. It has done them good, anyway, and that is the signet where-with God enstamps and marks his presence in human affairs.

But there is another great religious power to be examined in our review, one that has shaped the destinies of more civilized nations, to which the minds of our readers will now refer with the inquiry, whether the Hand of God can be traced in that also—we refer to the great Roman Catholic Church.

Let us bring Roman Catholicism on trial before our bar, and ask what has it done for humanity. Let us look squarely at the character of the times when it arose, and during which it was operating the most effectively.

When Roman Catholicism arose, the whole world, excepting in little Judah and its borders, was in a state of Paganism. Rome, its very seat, was also heathen. It had a world of heathenism to handle and revolutionize. How easy that would have been, may be sensed by our Elders who have visited Africa and Asia without converting a single pagan in those continents. But here was a period when it was all paganism, and no half-bred Christian nations to fall back upon. Jesus, it is true, had lived and taught his pure principles, but their light had died away in the distance; and even had there been individuals alive to their highest spirit, the great world of barbarian Europe was in no condition to receive such truths in an unadulterated form. On the other hand, to have waited till these uncivilized nations could have stepped from the depths of their barbarism to that height of spiritual culture necessary to appreciate in an unalloyed form the Godlike sentiments of Jesus, would have been to have waited for ever, for they never could have taken that step, had they not first taken a lower one. A system was needed that would take the barbarous and heathen nations of France, Germany, Britain and other large countries, and lead them a step towards civilization; and this, Providence wisely effected by the raising up of an intermediate system, or half-way house from one extreme to the other, blending the new light of Christ with such of the old forms of heathenism as clung closest to the uncivilized mind.

This, we maintain, was the wisest plan that could have been carried out by Deity. There was God and salvation in it for humanity; because it furnished stepping stones upon which the ignorant uncivilized races of Europe could rise to a comprehension of such principles of gospel truth as were within their reach. It was true that Jesus and his disciples had taught higher and purer truths than this Church presented to mankind; and also true that a few solitary minds on a level with Jesus' plane of thought had caught the flame and become one in Christ Jesus; but what was all this to the hordes of barbarian Europe, for whom Roman Catholicism arose? They could not grasp such truths. They could not as Jesus required, worship a truth because it *was* truth, to love the right simply for the glory and excellence of righteousness itself. Their outer senses had to be appealed to in order that the little inner light that glimmered in their soul, might be reached.

The Roman Catholic church had to deal with men in ages of bloodshed and conquest, when pomp and parade was everything to the multitude; and men were coarse and sensuous, and could only be reached through outward show, or understand the superiority of anything but physical strength. Hence assumptions of priestly sovereignty were absolutely necessary to influence and control them; and gorgeous rites, solemn processions, and swelling music were also essential to impress them with the sacredness and divinity of their religion. To them, the crucifix, with its bleeding Jesus, was necessary, because it made Christ tangible to their gross

senses. Such of his principles as they could be taught, had far more influence over their darkened minds, when backed up by pictures of what so divine a teacher suffered. Their sympathies were then appealed to as well as their sense of right.

Herein do we discover the hand of God in Roman Catholicism. Its high sounding pretensions, its superstitions, its very mummeries and gilded trappings, were God's loving, merciful adaptations, to the weaknesses and imperfect spiritual powers of the masses of Europe. While withal its earthliness, some portion of divine truth was being interblended, and the nations were led unconsciously—through their very traditions—through that which their barbarous natures most loved—up to God.

We repeat, the Roman Catholic religion did good. It was the true and proper religion for such times. It held kings and nobles in check from gross outrage, and suppressed the coarser passions of the multitude. The high-handed rulers of those days needed a semi-human semi-divine system to grapple with them. Had it had more of God in it, it would have been above their heads. As it was, it met and appealed to them on their own level. It held back a world of licentiousness, enforced order, spread abroad the Christian virtues, patronized music, poetry, sculpture and painting, led the European world up from the fables and bloody rites of heathenism to civilization; and when it had taught the world all it was adapted to proclaim; when its mission was ended and society travailed for a higher creed, because it could not comprehend the new light dawning on men's souls, it rushed forth with the rack, the torture, and the deadly flame, to deter, as it thought, men from periling their salvation. But there was a God even in this ignorant zeal, for it opened the gates of liberty to mankind and forced a greater era to the birth.

There is a God in all such movements. God inspires a creed, gives it His providence and blessing, and when it has served its purpose, "He breaks it in pieces like a potter's vessel," and remolds another capable of better holding the wine of a new dispensation.

To those who, notwithstanding a perception of the barbarism and sensuous state of the world, amid which this religion rose to life, still imagine that Jesus and his unadulterated gospel could have been as successfully established, we have one beautiful truth to tell. It is this: *the principles of Jesus are powerless except to prepared and cultivated souls*—to such as have grown, as it were, to his level of principle. To them, it is all radiance and beauty. They need no compulsive influence beyond the bare attraction that there is in truth itself; but to the ignorant and undeveloped, the diviner the creed, the weaker its influence. To barbaric races, as nations, there is no gospel so powerless as that which depends for its attraction and influence upon principle alone. Nations must grow to it; and, in their growth, they must be provided with intermediate faiths, nearer a sensual state. This great truth has yet to be sensed by mankind, that the gospel of Jesus is a gospel specially intended to suit the highest condition of our race. True, it is offered to all the world, as art and science are offered to all; and all will reach it sooner or later; therefore was it made for all. But in the mind of a providing God, planning for the civilization and progress of earth's races, it is, of necessity, the crowning school of divine art, when all the inferior classes are passed.

Another grand truth that has yet to prevail, and which will bind the Devil of hatred and uncharitableness between races and religions, is that which will destroy for ever the hateful Israelitish idea that God has a favorite people. God has no favorite people, nor never has had. A certain nation, because of its forwardness in the race for truth, may reach

principles nearer the fountain, but those truths shine for all. We have also yet to learn that nations are not wicked and rebellious because they do not accept Jesus when taught by ancient or modern apostles. Their wickedness is the wickedness of infants who refuse meat because God and nature has given them a love for something better adapted to their constitution. When nations grow to the truth, they will accept it; and when God wants their conversion, he will take steps proportionate to the greatness of such a work. Up to the present time, nothing in God's providences have looked like a Deity, moving for so grand an object, while all the efforts that have yet been made by individuals for that purpose put together, have been as manifestly futile as sending a fly to carry off an elephant.

From the narrow platform where we suppose ourselves the almost only objects of Jehovah's care, so far as religion is concerned, we have to step out and see God providing for His world as a whole. We shall see Him like a Great Teacher dividing his school into classes, according to the grade and capacity of His scholars, and sending to each, teachers adapted to their condition. But combined with this idea, we must also grasp the sublimer one, that the educational period of humanity is not confined to this life, but is coequal with the immortality of our race; and that nations and peoples move from off this temporary sphere to probate in higher classes as ages roll along. The childish race, therefore, to whom an inferior gospel is given to-day, will, in future periods, be led by the Almighty Hand up the ladder of life until it reaches the topmost round. Herein is the equality of God's providences; herein the breadth and grandeur of divine administration; and herein the cause of love and thankfulness to Him "who doeth all things well."

SWEET HOME.

BY A. DALRYMPLE.

The place of my birth it is dear to me yet,
The scenes of my youth I can never forget,
From that long-cherished spot I have no wish to roam,
The place of my birth and my boyhood's loved home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home.

'Twas there my young footsteps in infancy roved,
In youth's sunny morning with those whom I loved,
Of pleasures sweet cup we then quaffed the bright foam,
The remembrance is sweet, while I sigh for my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home.

The friends of my youth, could I meet them once more,
And mingle our songs as in bright days of yore,
'Twould a solace impart, a rich feast to my soul,
To greet them at home—home, my life's destined goal,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home,

When life's closing scene or adversity's blast
Pale sorrow and anguish around us shall cast,
Let union and home be our watch-word and song,
And that strain ever sweet, let us strive to prolong.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home.

Centerville, July 24, 1869.

CHARLEMAGNE AS THE DAVID OF FRANCE.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

Charlemagne is more interesting as the David of France than as the Caesar. As we have seen, he was a priestly king and, though a mighty conqueror and empire-founder, he was rather like the son of Jesse raised up to establish a theocratic kingdom in the name of the Lord, than of Caesar to subdue the world in the might of man. Indeed Charlemagne not only imitated David and Solomon, but he had the singular fancy of taking upon himself the name of the psalmist king. He and his principal counsellors formed themselves into an academy, in which he took his place as King David, while his counsellors adopted other names such as Homer, Horace, etc. Most fitting, therefore, was Charlemagne to be the prophet of a new civilization, for he blended the character, of the priest with the fanciful nature of the poet, and the might of his sword and the strength of his host made him the great champion of Jehovah, as king David had been before him. There was a beautiful poetic fanaticism in this conception of Charlemagne, in relation to the part which Providence had ordained him to play in the world. To find "Saul among the Prophets" was an anomaly but David and Charlemagne with them were in their proper sphere. In a synod with his bishops or surrounded by the intellectual light of his age, he was as much in his own place as in the camp among his soldiers, carrying out the purposes of the Lord in converting the world to Christianity and carving out a new civilization. True, we in modern times can have but little sympathy with his missionary mode of forcing the Saxons into the waters of baptism by the terror of his sword; and we are somewhat horrified by the fact of his having caused four thousand Saxon prisoners to be beheaded in one day, for refusing to be baptized. But yet that mode of missioning the world was the only one which his age could understand; and while in the abstract, we should not sanction evil means for the accomplishing of good ends, we can readily understand the potency of a young civilization through the potency of a Charlemagne. It is absolute folly for peace men, in our humanitarian times, when nations are converted to the wiser policies of Christianity, to attempt to bring Charlemagne and the necessities of his age, to our standards. It would have been as impossible for the David of France to have missioned the world in the cause of Christ, through our modes as it would be for us to reveal Christianity through his modes. He advanced his age by his sword, not kept it back, and the might of his arm wrought out the world's good. It would have been as impossible to have converted warlike pagan nations by the Gospel of peace in that age, as for Mohammed to have indoctrinated Arabia with the grand conception of the uniting of God, had he been in his mission purely a Jesus. To a very large degree, Christ has always been before his times, and he still is to this day. Charlemagne, therefore, was fitted for his work of Christianizing and civilizing the world in the eighth century as he would have been unfitted for his work, had he been more like his uncle Charloman, who shut himself up in a monastery in a forest, to better illustrate the character of a Saint. Indeed the logic of all is that this David of France manifested Christianity in his age, in the only way that Christianity could be manifested then.

Charlemagne was not only up to his times, but he was before his times. He was not only the creator of bishops and popes, but he was superior to them in his conceptions and inspirations. More than any other man of his day, he was the magnificent soul. He sent forth his manifesto for the worship of Jesus without the appendages of idolatry, but popes saw

the necessity of image-worship, and though Adrian had to deal very cautiously with his David, he kept him from revealing too much light, and thus Christian idolatry was perpetuated in the new civilization.

Pope Adrian died and Leo the Third was elevated to the pontifical throne. On the elevation of Leo, Charlemagne sent to the pope vast riches taken from the Huns; but ever mindful of his semi-priestly mission, he gave instructions to his ambassadors to urge upon the pontiff to reform the morals of the Roman clergy; put an end to the traffic in sacred offices, and not to allow the wealth which he sent to be lavished on priestly debauchees. As an example of the advanced state of Charlemagne, in his Christian growth above even the priesthood of his day, it may be instanced that, at about the period when he was aiming to bring about reform in the Church and to elevate it to the worship of Deity without the mediumship of images, Pope Adrian in calling upon the armies of France to inflict vengeance upon the Duke of Bavaria and his subjects declared, that they were absolved in advance from all crimes which they might commit in the enemies' country, and that God commanded them through his vicar, to violate girls, murder women, children and old men, to burn cities and put all the inhabitants to the sword.

Is it wonderful that in an age when popes dared in the name of God to command such atrocities, which the spirit of the monster Nero, acting as that God, might have given, Charlemagne in a grand, though cruel fanaticism, should put to death in one day four thousand Saxons who would not receive Christ as their sovereign Lord? He did this in the same magnificent spirit, that a David or a Samuel, in their Hebrew fanaticism, massacred the enemies of Israel and the heathen defiers of Jehovah. In the present age of enlightenment and Christian humanity, we have no more sympathy with Samuel, when he rejected Saul for showing mercy, and hewed Agag to pieces, than we have with Charlemagne, when he did the same with the Saxons. We can but regret that the God of the Hebrews found it necessary to give inhuman commands for massacre even as we regret that Christianity sometimes had to be preached with the sword. But we acknowledge these divine necessities without infidel cavil, though we love Deity most when represented in the spirit of Jesus himself, which is only possible in days of advanced humanitarianism like those in which our lot is cast. But priesthoods have often taken cruel advantage of these divine necessities, and imitating the Davids and Samuels have issued in the awful name of God, such commands as that of Pope Adrian to ravish girls, destroy cities and put all the inhabitants to the sword. Hence the world has passed through its days of inquisitions and seen its horrid tragedies committed in the name of religion, till that name became an abomination in the eyes of enlightened men. Dreadful indeed are those tragedies at best, but unspeakably horrible in their worst phases.

It may be said of Charlemagne however, that he did much represent a king David, in his apostolic championship for God, as he did also a Solomon in his aims to create for the world a better civilization than that which he found when he came to the throne. At length in the year 800 of our era he made his grand entry into Rome to rescue Pope Leo from conspiring priests. He convoked the clergy, the senate, and the people, and before this mighty king of France the successor of St. Peter was adjudged and acquitted.

On the day following, Charlemagne went in great pomp to the cathedral at Rome, where the Pope and his clergy awaited him, and, in the presence of the dignitaries of Church and State, Leo placed on the head of the king a crown of iron, and in a loud voice proclaimed, "To Charles Augustus, crowned by the hand of God, Emperor of the Ro-

mans, life and victory." Whereupon acclamations were sent up: "Life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by the hand of God, Emperor of the Romans." Leo then prostrated himself before the emperor according to the custom of the popes to the ancient Cæsars. "Thus," says the historian, "was re-established, after an interval of three hundred years, the dignity of Roman Emperor, extinct since A. D. 476."

Our readers will remember that Napoleon Bonaparte in his vast ambitions to restore the ancient grandeur to France, caused to be repeated in his own life, this great historical drama, taking from the hand of the Pope, in the cathedral of the renowned city of Milan, this iron crown of Charlemagne, the modern "Man of Destiny" encircled his imperial head, exclaiming—"God hath given it to me; let him who dare, wrest it from me!" More than any other man, Napoleon represented Charlemagne in his imperial ambitions, though not the loftiness of his priestly character.

"To know Charlemagne," says Michelet in his famous history of France, "we must see him in his palace of Aix. This restorer of the empire of the West had despoiled Ravenna of her most precious marbles in order to adorn his barbarian Rome. Actively busied even when taking his leisure, he prosecuted his studies there under Peter of Pisa, and the Saxon Alcuin, applying himself to grammar, rhetoric and astronomy. He, also, acquired the art of writing, a rare accomplishment in those days. He piqued himself on his choral singing, and was unsparing in his animadversions on those priests who were deficient in this part of the service."

Charlemagne surrounded himself with strangers of every nation who brought to him the recommendation of their own mental culture: and literary men of even mean extraction were highly honored by him. It happened that together with some Breton merchants two Irish-Scots—men of incomparable learning, skilled in literature both profane and sacred, landed on the coast of Gaul. They displayed no merchandise for sale but daily exhorted the crowd of purchasers in this wise—"Whoever desires wisdom let him come to us and receive it, we have it to sell." Charlemagne hearing of the strange men, sent for them and inquired if it was true, to which they replied; "We have it, and we give it in the name of the Lord, to those who seek it worthily." The King demanded their price, and they answered "A convenient place, rational creatures, and what cannot be done without in this earthly pilgrimage—food and raiment." Charlemagne was delighted and kept them with him; but, being called away on his military expeditions, he ordered one of them—Clement the Scot—to remain in Gaul, while he sent the other—John Melrose, a disciple of the learned Bede—into Italy, giving him St. Augustine's monastery, near Pavia, that he might open a school. On hearing this, Albinus, surnamed Alcuin, another of Bede's disciples, and a native of Saxon England, went over to Charlemagne who gave to him St. Martin's Abbey, near Tours, that he might educate the people of France, both of high and low degree "and such fruits," says the historian, "did his learned labors produce that the modern Gauls or Franks were thought to equal the ancient Romans or Athenians."

After a long absence, the victorious Charlemagne returned to Gaul, and following the bent of his genius for wisdom he examined the people of his kingdom, both small and great, to learn of their intellectual progress; but found that, while the middle classes had advanced, those of noble descent had been barren in their mental culture. "Then" says the old Chronicler "the wise monarch, imitating the eternal judge, placed those who had done well on his right hand and addressed them as follows:

"A thousand thanks, my sons, for your diligence in laboring according to my orders, and for your own good. Proceed, endeavor

to perfect yourselves, and I will reward you with magnificent bishoprics; and you shall be even honorable in my sight." Then he bent an angry countenance on those on his left hand, and troubling their conscience with a lightning look, with bitter irony, and thundering rather than speaking, he burst forth with this terrible apostrophe. "But for you, nobles, you sons of the great, delicate and petty minions, as you are, proud of your birth and your riches, you have neglected my orders, and your own glory, and the study of letters; and have given yourselves up to ease, sports and idleness, or to worthless exercises."

After this preamble raising on high his august head and his invincible arm, he fulminated his usual oath—

"By the King of Heaven I care little for your nobility and beauty; however, others may admire you, and hold it for certain, that if you do not make amends for your past negligence by vigilant zeal, you will never obtain anything from Charles."

But with all his love of the companionship of literary men and preference for strangers of mental culture, his ceaseless wars rendered it necessary for him to court the Germans—his own race—and hence he both spoke their language, and always wore the German dress, for his armies were Germanic. "He was of large and stout frame, and of a just, and not disproportionate height, round-headed, with very large and quick eyes, his nose a little exceeding a moderate size, his neck thick and short, his belly rather protuberant, his voice clear but not consonant to his statue." He was married five times, and had many mistresses. The day before his death he finished correcting, with the assistance of some Greeks and Syrians, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and he was buried with the Gospel written in letters of gold in his own hand. Thus lived and died the mightiest man of the middle ages.

LYCURGUS AND PERICLES COMPARED.

OR, HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

[NOTE.—By a failure in the reception of matter, the following essay, which should have closed the articles on Greece, was omitted, and a preparatory one on Rome inserted in its stead. It is, however, now presented to close the illustration of Grecian history, before the subject of Rome is further proceeded with.—ED.]

The colonial condition of all the different branches of the Greek nationality was the Magna Charta of their liberties. All claiming to have sprung from one origin, each band of colonists that settled on Islands in the Archipelago, or formed a settlement on any of the headlands, or spurs of the terra firma, claimed all the prerogatives and privileges of the "Oldest inhabitant," and entered into just such social compacts as were best adapted to their local needs, and contributed most to their enjoyment. Being emphatically the "first settlers," and having "killed the snakes, and made the roads" *themselves*, they owed no allegiance to any one.

Their common origin and common need—kept alive the feeling of a common nationality. They all worshipped the same God—and notwithstanding that each tribe or city claimed to be the especial pets of some one of the gods or goddesses that ruled on high, they nurtured the belief that all Grecians were the general favorites of *all* of the heavenly hosts. The great problem the "balance of power"—that has occupied the attention of European statesmen more or less ever since the overthrow of the Roman empire,—was equally the bone of contention in Greece, and was contended and fought for in a hundred battles. The "will of the governed" was at the basis of the whole social polity of Greece. Their liberties were subverted from time to time by some cunning and ambitious chiefs. Society soon righted itself and the upheaval of the masses, overturned the temporary despot.

isms and avenged their wrongs;—by affixing the epithet of TYRANTS to the names of their oppressors—that damned them to all posterity.

History furnishes no brighter example of the influence of mighty minds in determining and directing the future of the nationalities to which they belonged, than is afforded in the lives of Lyeurgus and Pericles. By a typographical error in a former article, we were made to say that the Athenian was in no way superior to his Spartan neighbor in *mental* training. It should have read in *moral* training. The mentality of the Athenian was of a far higher order than that of the Spartan. The philosophy of the *Stoics* prevailed in Sparta. A stoical indifference to pain, danger or death, or to good or evil fortune, was esteemed as the highest possible intellectual development in a Spartan. Lyeurgus did not originate this form of philosophy in Sparta; he merely shaped it to accord best with the rude, savage and barbarous usages of his tribe already in vogue. He applied the Stoical philosophy to the conditions of every-day life. He introduced into practical use the *theories* of his progenitors. Lyeurgus was a profound believer of all he taught to others. He descended from a throne to the simplest and most abstemious rules of life. While endeavoring to impress upon others a contempt for wealth, he did not become rich himself. He was the first to set the example by sacrificing his great wealth on the altar of (what he claimed to be) his country's good. His bitterest enemies—and he had many,—could not charge him with harboring selfish aims. To practically illustrate what he believed to be a divine system, he threw aside all the comforts that wealth would supply. He divested himself of the exclusiveness and the prerogatives of royalty, and made himself equal (temporarily) with the poorest of his people. It was *impossible* to turn a deaf ear to a man so devoid of all selfishness—so sublime in his faith in that which he wanted others to believe in and practice. Like Moses, he was well skilled in the knowledge of human nature—rude as it was in his day. He well understood the mutability of the human mind. He was impressed with the fact that no power would be so potent in preserving his people from apostatizing from his system, as the mystery of his own end. He induced the Spartans to subscribe to a solemn oath made in the presence of the gods, to keep to the observances of his laws until his return from a journey he contemplated making—he never returned. He voluntarily exiled himself from his family, his home, his people, for his people's benefit. His end was covered from posterity by an impenetrable veil of mystery. We are proud that history has not failed to immortalize, and for over two thousand years, trumpeted the fame of so honest a man. A man whose faith was so sublime that he *lived* himself what he wanted others to practice. Although his system in our view, was weak, puerile and calculated only to perpetuate a rude barbarism, yet his honesty of purpose sanctifies his life and commands our respect. In our next we shall present the strongly contrastive character of Pericles.

THE SELF-MADE CHEMIST.

A TRUE STORY, FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK OF AN OLD REPORTER.

BY JOHN LYON.

Edward Woods, the subject of the following sketch, was the son of a poor, but respectable Irishman, who immigrated to Scotland in the year 1816.

At the time I first became acquainted with him he was what is called a day-laborer; and was generally occupied serving masons, or breaking stones to macadamize the highway. In this way he found it a hard matter to earn as much

as was necessary to procure a scanty living for his wife and child. Fortune, however, turned her scales in his favor, and he was engaged to assist as laborer to a color maker in a calico printing establishment, purely on account of his ignorance of letters. Color-making being at that time a secret business, and controlled as a monopoly by those who held the recipes for discharging and producing bright shades of color, in finishing worsted, and silk shawls. Poor Ned's ignorance, consequently was a good recommend, as he could neither read nor write at the time he was engaged. And as he had only to do the drudging work of cleaning tubs, skimming the liquor boilers, and stirring the liquidized chemicals, he felt comfortable in his new employment.

I was then at school, and as he lived on the same "flat" with me, I had an opportunity of reading to him portions of my primer, and recited my lessons to him of an evening, in which he took great interest. One evening after reading to him the autobiography of a poor mechanic who had learned to read, write, and who ultimately became an author and editor of a public journal; he felt at once inspired with the belief that he might also be somebody if he would apply himself as diligently as the mechanic in question.

I warmly advised him to begin immediately, and proffered him the loan of my first spelling book, and also my help as a teacher.

That evening he commenced his A B C, and every moment he had, during meal-times and evenings to the latest, were employed for several months, until he could put letters and monosyllables together. Then to the large spelling book, where he blundered away at words of two, three and four syllables unweariedly. Then to the New Testament, which he read to his wife, making his comments like an apostle.

Many laborious hours I spent with him before he could read, in spelling with him every word, two or three times, ere he could master the meaning of it.

I thought him an exceedingly dull scholar, and often wished in my heart that I had never incited him to take lessons. However, by the time our intimacy dropped off, he could read a newspaper. At this time I left for another part of the country, and heard no more of my pupil from 1818 to 1844, leaving a blank of twenty-two years in his history.

Many were the ups and downs of my own checkered life during this long period; and the remembrance of poor ignorant Ned Woods, the untaught laborer, had entirely left my memory, among other incidents of neglected worth.

I had just returned from Edinburgh on a special mission for the *Western Watchman* newspaper office, when I was abruptly stopped on the street by an elderly genteel-looking man, catching me by the arm and saying,—“Sir, pray excuse me, thus rudely introducing myself, but is your name Mr. Forrest King,” to which I replied in the affirmative; rather taken by his abrupt question, and, rumaging every corner of my memory, and calling up every phiz in my recollection in the vain effort to discover in the portly figure before me the fac simile of the interrogator—but I could not. “Why, Mr. King,” said he, “don't you recollect your great dunce of a pupil who learned, when a married man, his A B C by your help?” “Me, sir, you certainly are mistaken?” I replied, still working away in the cranial copy of my poor brain to find out some cue to the figure before me. Still I insisted in the negative, and he kept me in suspense, until another gentleman stopped and accosted him by the familiar congratulation, “Good evening, Mr. Woods.” “Woods, Woods, Woods,” I repeated mentally, when all in a moment twenty-two years dwindled into the short space of yesterday, and there stood before me the same high brow/ dark grey eyes, hooked nose, high cheek bones, large mouth, and broad chin that I knew in my old pupil; but from the meagre form of

poverty, changed to a clear, red, healthy-looking man just past the meridian of life—from a poor laborer, changed to a well dressed, well to do, good looking gentleman.

"Why," said I, "sir, are you Edward S. Woods, who lived at Barrowfield bar, twenty-two years ago?" "The same man," he replied laughing, "only a little altered; rather fatter, richer and more intelligent than when we first became acquainted." Here he made a pause as if seeking for words to communicate his ideas, and, raising himself up to his full stature, said—"Mr. King, I am happy to inform you that I am now an independent man, so far as money and property can make a man so. I am," he continued, "but lately come down from London, where I make my home, with my family—and where most of my business is transacted. You have often been the subject of my reflections, and several times I have tried to find out where you had gone to, but those who knew you, could give me no information. This very day I was informed that you were on business in Edinburgh. Good gracious King!" said he, catching me by the two hands, and shaking me so forcibly, that I felt my bones doubling over each other in his sinewy grasp. "How glad I am to see you so respectable looking, and so intellectually engaged in your native city! But I am losing time in common-place street conversation. Come let us go to Strawberry Hill Cottage."

"I beg the favor of another opportunity, Mr. Woods, if you please," said I, "my business requires immediate dispatch; but two hours from the present time will leave me entirely at your service." With this request, he reluctantly let go my hand, which felt as if crushed to a jelly, "Well," said he, "we meet at two o'clock, this afternoon opposite the Tontine." I nodded assent. The other gentleman took his arm, and walked off in an opposite direction; when I posted on to the office with my scraps of travel for the following day's travel.

Having transacted my business at the office with the Editor, he informed me that a gentleman had called at his lodgings seemingly very anxious to see me, and had asked a hundred questions relative to my pecuniary circumstances, connection with the newspaper, intellectual abilities, and of my family, number of children, and I don't know what all.

Two o'clock found me according to appointment waiting beneath the commodious porch of the great hall of the ancient building referred to, where Mr. Woods soon joined me, and in a few minutes we were on our way to Strawberry Hill, inside of an omnibus crowded with passengers. Passing private dwellings terraces, ornamental walks and gentlemen's villas rapidly, it brought us in the time mentioned to Strawberry Hill Cottage.

To my surprise, we halted opposite a large gate, fenced on each side with a high brick wall, enclosing half an acre in front. Mr. Woods soon gained admission, by drawing a bell-wire at a small door, which an old man opened. But guess my surprise. Instead of a cottage, and strawberries, as I had contemplated, there was everything in juxtaposition to the scenery which we had just passed.

A two-story brick building faced the entrance, and farther up the lot, on a rising ground, peaked up to the clouds, a huge stalk, or chimney, three hundred feet high, around the base of which was a circle of sheds, as black as charcoal. All around lay large vitrol bottles, barrels, and boxes of every size and description; and an innumerable quantity of bones, bark and seaweed, the stench of which was so intolerable that I could scarcely breathe. Mr. Woods, perceiving this, took me by the hand and led me back to his office, and prepared what he called a restorative for me. "Ah! Mr. King," he said, "I perceive you are much affected with the smell of our chemicals, but this will soon dispel the effects of your sickness, and rid you of that coughing. We drug-manufacturers never feel it;—usage is everything."

Having recovered from my sickness, and being left to myself, as Mr. Woods had gone out with his foreman, I had time to look about the office. The room was furnished with a large desk, tables, chairs, and a bookcase from floor to ceiling; and around the walls hung retorts, blow-pipes, worms for distillation, and various other instruments, of which I had no conception. On the shelves were bottles filled with blue, red and yellow liquids, labelled iodine sulphuric-acid, arsenic, opium, oxalic-acid, strychnine, citric-acid, and a variety of other poisons. Observing the great quantity of these deathly ingredients, I fell into a strange reverie of thought, and was musing on the quantity of beings that were daily passing into eternity from the use of such drugs, when my reflections were put a stop to by the entrance of Mr. Woods and his foreman, who would have me go with them through the works, to which I reluctantly consented.

My curiosity being much excited respecting the bones and kelp lying around, I asked Mr. Woods what use he made of them, "Sir" said he, "those bones are the most useful, and I may say, the best paying article in the works. We purchase all the worn-out horses in the country, the skins of which we sell to the tanners, the bones we grind for manure, and the marrow in them we preserve for making salve." "Salve?" I repeated, with a slight convulsion. "Yes, sir, this salve is famed throughout the world for its healing properties. Why, sir, this salve has done more for the ease, and comfort of rheumatic patients than any other medicine discovered since the days of Aristotle.

Pointing my finger at a large heap of something like blubber, "And what is this for?" I inquired, holding my nose firmly with my other hand. "That, sir," he responded, "is another invaluable marine substance, called kelp, which, when distilled, is one of the most inveterate poisons extracted from the vegetable creation; when calcined to ashes we sell it to glass manufacturers to purify their glass; in fact, it is used in a variety of medicines; we boil, burn, and distil it to produce salts, corroders, sublimates, and other medicinal substances." Here he left me in quite a mist, embellishing his descriptions with a great many Latin phrases, with a pompous use of names, to illustrate their combinations with other bodies, respecting all of which I had not the smallest idea. Of this, however, I felt assured, that my pupil there was far ahead of myself scientifically, as I was of him when I taught him to conjugate the letters of his own name.

"Friend Woods," said I, "I should like to know what led you first to study chemistry." "Why I thought I had told you." "Nosir," I replied. "Well then I have to add another laurel to your cap, I sir learned chemistry from my employer the color-master; who would sooner have given me the hair off his head, had he known it: relying on my entire ignorance of letters he told me how to make up the compounds, and the quantity, the names of the liquors for brightening and reducing shades, in imitation of the great papillon. In fact, he was greatly indebted to my industry—often I've done his work when he was stretched beneath the table, more like a corpse than a color-maker. Dead with the effects of alcohol. In this way I have to thank John Barleycorn as well as yourself for my knowledge of chemistry."

"Chemistry, Mr. King," he continued, "is the greatest science under heaven." To this I nodded assent, as one often does when he feels himself unqualified to speak one word, lest his ignorance on the subject spoken of, might be discovered.

"You, Mr. King, follow an intellectual avocation. You doubtless know more of Science, Literature, and the fine Arts than I do, and consequently know how miserably far short we are of knowing anything of chemistry, comparatively speaking."

Another nod of my head closed up this interesting detail for which I felt thankful, lest he should discover my ignorance.

"By-the-by," said he, giving me another excruciating squeeze and knowing wink, "I am much indebted to you gentlemen of the press, for publishing advertisements, such as:—Wood's Never-failing Stomach Specific! Wood's Digestion promoting Bitters!! Wood's Blood cleansing essence!!! Wood's Spine-supporting Plaster!!!! Wood's Sure and Certain Remedial Salve for Rhumatics!!!! But," said he, "I am cutting off time. You shall have my catalogue before you leave. What do you think, Mr. King, of paying, as I have done, three hundred pounds sterling for advertising in one year,—money well laid out for puffing, too, as you would call it. My wonderful remedies, effected by chemical processes, would be little better than a block of the raw material, without the medium of the press. As somebody says in the play, 'Educate! Educate!' so I say, 'Publish! Publish!' That is the secret next to the invention of drugs."

"But," said he suddenly, "I had quite forgotten my promise to Mr. Quicksilver, the gentleman who saluted me at the Tontine when we first met; but you shall go with me. The omnibus passes in five minutes."

So saying, he took my arm, and hastened out of his cess-pool of dirt, bones, and blubber-kelp, to his office at the gate, where he regaled me with a glass of good whisky, and took one himself; commemorating me with a toast to the welfare of the man who laid the foundation of Wood's prosperity, by imparting to him the complicated knowledge of A B C.

"My ignorance of useful knowledge," said he, "has led me to see after the education of my two sons, who have received in Oxford and Cambridge a sound commercial and classical education. I am sorry to say, they have not the disposition and spirit of their father; they care no more for chemistry than I do for the mysteries of Swedenborg. They are gentlemen, to be sure, and can read Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and know more of high life than I do; but had I not studied how to turn horse-bones and marrow into manure and salve, and make bark and seaweed a needful commodity in the medicinal category of drugs, where would they have been to-day?"

Infinitely to my relief, the omnibus made a halt, when we stepped into the conveyance, and left the dreary-looking brick wall and great chimney, which soon lessened in the distance, like its withering smoke, to the inexpressible relief of myself, and the benefit of the beautiful gardens, that would have been otherwise burnt up, or suffocated by its stench.

Soliciting, and pleading the necessity of attending to my business, I left with the promise to meet him at noon, beneath the pillars of the Tontine, where we met accordingly. He conducted me through several streets, to what was called the New Town, opposite to the monument erected to the memory of Sir John Moore. "This," said he, "is Wood's Medical Dispensary and Apothecary Hall. The largest and most complete establishment in Glasgow." It was indeed a spacious building occupying, what in Scotland, are called three flats. It was devoted to every species of chemicals, drugs, paints, and dye stuffs. The barrels, boxes, and jars lying at the door for export, told that an immense wholesale business was going on under the cognomen of "Woods Wholesale and Retail Drug Warehouse," which I observed, in large gold letters, above the entry. He also kept a physician and several licensed apothecaries, who gave advice, made up recipes and orders, to all parts of Great Britain, and the Continent.

In this establishment he showed me many natural curiosities, of what he called, "abortive generations," preserved in vials of liquor. Khan's Museum in London, was no comparison to it. Skeletons of murderers that had been hung in

Glasgow, were there with their names, crime and character attached, specimens of dissected subjects of all ages, with their bones, sinews, muscles, and blood vessels, pitched over with some kind of black glue, they were kept for private Lectures given gratis to poor students, during the winter season, through the generosity of Mr. Woods. He offered me a handsome salary, if I would go into the warehouse. In fact, he did all he could to better my condition, but the knowledge of my inability kept me from accepting such a situation.

We parted on this my first days visitation to his chemical works, and Medical Hall, with the promise that whilst he remained in Glasgow I should be no stranger at his place of residence. He called often at the *Western Watchman* Office, and we would stroll away to the public green, and there converse together for hours on any subject that might happen to present itself.

"I am more than surprised," I said, one day, while engaged in one of our familiar confabs, "when looking at your extensive business, and reflecting on the many hundreds of such places throughout the United Kingdom, that they can all be supported, when we know that it is among the poor where disease is most prevalent. 'Ah' he rejoined "the use of medicine is like the use of alcohol, the more it is used, the more it is in demand. Stimulants of all kinds have the same effect on the human constitution. In fact, the most deadly poisons when taken as medicines, by frequent use, become as necessary as common food; and while the patient is satisfying his unnatural appetite and at the very time he is exhilarated by it, he knows that it is poison, and that to quit would be certain death—just as much as he knows that the article will give him temporary relief. The weaker the patient grows through disease, the more must the exhilarating potion be increased, to keep pace with his growing maladies. Thus you perceive, Mr. King, that though medicines of all kinds when taken into the system for a long period, must be injurious; still the growth of disease is the cause." Medicine he continued, "is like wax in a tallow candle, which makes it last longer, but must in the end burn out. From this you will perceive not only the necessity of drugs as stimulants, but that the demand is always growing with the increase of disease."

Mr. Woods left for home some three months after our first meeting. I may just mention that he very warmly invited me to call at his residence in London, if chance should ever send me in that direction; which I accordingly did some eight years after. In the year 1852, I went up to London to have my portrait taken for a frontispiece to the *Harp of Zion*, which was then publishing. When walking over Ludgate Hill, I remembered the place and residence of my first scholar, to which I walked with expectant heart, anticipating his warm and friendly reception. But how shall I point out in words the disappointment I met with. My old friend was dead. His son, a haughty self-willed coxcomb, invited me into his drawing-room, and there interrogated me as to where I came from; what my business was in London; how I became acquainted with his father, and what my profession or calling was. To all of which questions I answered promptly, with a tone indicative of my displeasure. I saw he was ashamed of his father's mean parentage; and of those who knew anything of his history. I left in disgust, without using the formality of good-bye, and with a vexed heart—as much so as ever I had exulted at his father's success in the world, and at his great natural attainments.

The above tale I have kept in my scrap-book for many years, with a determination to publish it some day, as an illustration of what energy and labor will accomplish for the humblest, and also as a brief memorial of the ingratitude of his despicable son.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HIS SPIRIT-BRIDE.

In the conference which took place between Sir Richard and our hero, Sir Walter, by his consideration, spared much his noble relative's pride. He had anticipated all, and was prepared.

"My dear uncle," he observed, almost as soon as Sir Richard opened the subject, "I understand it all, even as you know of the past. The old love cannot die, but that part of my heart which is not possessed by Terese belongs to Alice. I love the one without loving the other less. There is a strange blending of both in my affections. Indeed they seem to me almost as one, and not two. Alice shall be my bride."

"But Walter—"

"Nay, my dear uncle, say no more: Alice shall be my bride. Can I see my cousin this evening?"

Sir Richard Courtney wrung his nephew's hand, but spoke not for he dared not trust himself to speech. Seeking to command his emotions, he left Sir Walter Templar and went with a full heart to the chamber of his daughter, to inform her that his nephew desired an interview with her.

"Alice, my darling child," said Sir Richard, as he stood by the bedside of his daughter, "your cousin Walter has asked permission to pay you a visit. He has something very important to say to you. Do you think we can grant his request? Now you must not agitate yourself, my darling. But perhaps we had better defer the meeting till to-morrow. Your cousin must curb his impatience."

"No, papa, I will see Walter to-night," the maiden replied.

When Sir Richard addressed his daughter concerning the request of Walter Templar for an interview, her heart bounded within her, and her alabaster countenance became beautified with a rich blush, which made her look, more than ever, spiritual. She read in her father's own face the deep meaning of his words, though he threw into his voice a pleasant tone, and smiled upon her with beaming affection. Indeed, notwithstanding the baronet's just and generous soul, and his kind remembrance of Terese the Hebrew Maiden, he was unspeakably gratified with the avowal of his nephew that Alice should be his bride. His conscience would have reproached him for a father's selfishness, had it not been for the fact that Terese was a Jewess, and that the two families had pronounced the decision that religions and races had placed God and Nature's barriers between the two. Conscience, therefore, was on the side of Walter's union with his Christian cousin, rather than with a maiden of the Jewish race, for even if she became a Christian by adoption, to her family she would be as an apostate from the faith of her ancestors. All things considered, therefore, Sir Richard deemed the resolve of Walter to make Alice his bride, much as a kind interposition of Providence for good, brought about in its mysterious but beneficent ways. Hence the beaming joy of the father when he communicated to his daughter the hint of the blessed proposal which Walter was about to make.

Lady Templar, as soon as Alice had expressed her wish to see Walter that night, left the chamber and, in a few minutes, returned with her son. The mother then going to the bedside of her niece, kissed her affectionately; and, taking her brother Richard by the hand, led him from the room, leaving the cousins alone. The mother's action was expressive; Walter and Alice understood its meaning.

As soon as his uncle and mother had left the room, Walter approached and knelt by the bedside of his cousin and took her unresisting hand.

"Dear Alice," he began, "I come to ask you to bless me with this love-link which now I hold. Walter need not multiply words to you. Will you, dear Alice, be my bride?"

The proposal was like Walter Templar, all earnestness, no artificial flourish, a soul in every word, a volume of purpose in a few sentences. There was also fine tact and exquisite delicacy in this brevity for Alice knew all the past. A long passionate speech would have shocked, not made her joyful. Indeed, this family whose absolute truthfulness and noble simplicity had made such a deep impression on Judah Nathans, could best appreciate and manifest this fervent genuineness which so characterized them all. Walter's few but earnest words therefore were better appreciated

by the maiden than would have been a long passionate speech as from a distracted lover. Her artless answer to her cousin was of the same character.

"Yes, dear Walter, I will be your bride—your spirit-bride!"

"Nay, dearest Alice, live for me! I know your thought. I heard you express your fancy in your unconscious moments. But I ask you now to be my bride of earth."

"I will, Walter, but not yet. I am not near enough to the gate of heaven. I will be your bride of earth, but not until the last hour of my mortal life, when my own sphere is opening above me. Terese shall take my place, and I will be your spirit bride."

"Oh, no, my gentle one, you must not pass away from us. Live for your father, for me, for us all. Think not, dear Alice, that I do not love you, for I do truly. I love Terese, but my heart and life is not less yours. As I have told my uncle, there is a strange blending of you both in the yearnings of my nature. Heaven has willed that Terese must not be mine; be you Terese and Alice in one."

"Heaven has not so willed it, Walter—Heaven has not so willed it. Terese after me, will be your bride of earth, and I your bride of Heaven. You know that they say that the vision of those who are near eternity often take in the future, when that of those who are long for earth is dim. Well, dear Walter, I have seen the future. It is not a mere fancy. I shall be your spirit-bride, but linked for a few moments on earth by the holy sacrament of the church. Yes, I have seen it all, as in a beautiful vision. Terese has been there in the scene and given her bridegroom to me and then breathing on you both a blessing, my spirit has ascended and hovered above you, leaving her in my place—the one to you the bride of earth—the other the bride of heaven."

"Talk not so, dear Alice. These are but beautiful fancies of your own pure generous soul, wrought up by a crisis which has brought you near to death. But you will soon be strong. You will live for me—promise that, dear one!"

"I will live for you, hovering ever only just above you, sharing in all your joys, comforting you in your sorrows, keeping far from you by my spirit presence, every harm that Alice's prayers can charm away. Remember it, dear Walter, in your after-life. I will be near you. All will be fulfilled. Hush, Walter, your mother's footsteps approach. Not a word of this to your mother or my father yet."

Lady Templar entered and warned her son that his interview had been long enough; and Walter impressed on the lips of his bride elect, his first kiss as a lover, and left Alice alone with his mother.

Here was one of those interesting cases so often met in life where it would seem that both fate and the heart's purest and deepest affections had bound three souls together. Wherever we meet them in monogamic society, we mourn that one or the other of the gentler ones must be sacrificed. It is then that even the severest monogamist feels a latent conviction of the necessity of some great provision in the divine arrangements for the harmony of sexual kindred. They three are one. The most heartless and selfish dare not doubt it. Yet in the narrow views of the endless unions, society dares to say the onemust be sacrificed, but the tender-hearted fondly hope that all will be righted in the world above. Why should not such cases also be righted in this sphere of earthly unions? But spiritual Alice Courtney has chosen for herself the place of a bride of Heaven.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LOVE TRIUMPHS OVER RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

We left Judah Nathans pursuing his own method—twisting himself to unravel his tangled skein. He had agreed with Sir Richard Courtney that it was useless to speculate on what might have been; but that was because Courtney was not prepared to make the rapid transition with himself into the new intentions which he had formed for the future to bring about the union between Sir Walter Templar and his niece. He had, moreover, to transform his uncle Isaac's mind, which he foresaw would be done more by the conflicting affections of the old man for his grandchild than by any Universalist philosophy. Nevertheless, Judah deemed the case a very difficult one, until he learned by the arrival of his uncle in London of the flight of Terese from Rome. This much modified affairs, for he found the old man in his concern for his grandchild, some days disposed to consent to the union with our hero; but on the next day, in a state of repentance, as though in thus consenting, he betrayed his religion and race. Circumstances were therefore not ripe for Judah Nathans to communicate to Walter Templar the joyful news that the embargo against the union on their side, had been removed. Moreover, he rightly

judged that the conflict of Isaac Ben Ammon's affections would conquer his religious scruples.

One day, Judah Nathans, with a letter from Terese, entered his uncle's private room in the house once occupied by Reuben Nathans, the money-lender. It was the room where the old miser used to commune with his gold; and here Isaac Ben Ammon was now in the habit of communing with his sorrows. Judah found his uncle as usual bemoaning the absence of his grandchild. The stricken old man was, in his imagination, in restless search for her. Awakened from his fitful dreams, he eagerly arose to meet his nephew with questions mingled with querulous moanings.

"Have you found her, good Judah? Oh where is my grandchild? I cannot endure this suspense. Alas! alas! I fear she is dead. Oh Benjamin my son, I have lost you again in losing her. Have you heard aught concerning her? I will myself search for my grandchild. She shall marry the Christian. Father Abraham pardon me for saying so; but I cannot live without my grandchild. H! what have you there? A letter? 'Tis from Rachel. Give it me, Judah. The hope of Israel then has not departed. The God of Jacob be praised!"

"Remember, Uncle, your promise that Rachel's child shall marry the Christian noble."

"Alas! alas! Judah, I am sorely tried!" answered the venerable Hebrew.

The epistle of his grandchild was very affectionate, but much in the tenor of the one she addressed to him on her flight from Rome. She told him that she was in Paris with her master, Spontini, and following her profession. She spoke of the comfort which she had experienced in her determination to devote her life to art; and how distracted she should be by any other design. Tenderly, yearningly, yet resolutely, the maiden plead with her grandfather to be reconciled to the course which she had marked out for herself in life, now Walter Templar was gone from her hope, and she said that, as soon as her grandfather was reconciled to resign his intentions of marrying her to one of the Hebrew faith, she would return to his arms and home. In such a case, she would be by his side to minister to him as life was granted him; but, if he still persisted to force the marriage upon her, she could never see him more. She had sacrificed herself to satisfy the conscience of her Hebrew race in not marrying the Christian; but she would never in the present or the great hereafter, be other than the wife of Walter Templar.

"Judah," observed the old man when he had read the letter, "we will visit Sir Richard Courtney and his family; if they consent to the marriage between my grandchild and Sir Walter, we will not withhold ours. But if they consent not, then is the will of heaven against the union."

"Your philosophy is not sound, Uncle Isaac. We create divisions and call them heaven's making. We resolve and call it heaven's will. But what has heaven to do in willing the unhappiness of my sister's child? Divines would call me infidel, and such I am undoubtedly to their conceptions of the mood of God. To me, their deity is monster. No God is he to me, who plays the devil best. Indeed, I know not why he made a devil at all to work out his own ill intentions, for his own they must be: they are not mine; for evil, though it suits my mood to deem myself, I have no intentions of harm or unhappiness to any of human kind. If the adder but gets out of my path I will not tread on even him, though he is a malicious reptile, but if he would bite my foot, then will I crush him without compunction; yet with a shudder of disgust, that necessity compels me to so foul a deed as to soil my heel by crushing any life to dung the earth with. Why, what does Heaven want to set devils at us for, and to busy itself by crossing us ever when our happiness is near?"

"Yet think you not, Judah, that God permitted the serpent to tempt our first parents, as Moses our great lawgiver, has recorded."

"Why should not the good permit the evil? It created it not, and has naught to do with it. But Moses was our Hebrew Æsop. He wrote wondrous fables. Is a devil necessary for my good?—then have I enough of him in myself without any super-addition. Wherefore should good or God be infinitely malicious; if He sets an Infinite Malice to prey on poor humanity, then is He Himself the Infinite Malice—not good—not love. He would be more evil than I, who rank myself as evil, for my own conceptions of good are above myself; yet have I ever held that malice in life is a mean vice; and when I hurt, it is not because hurting gives me pleasure, but from my own or others necessities. But what necessity is there that God should design hurt, for surely He finds not the necessity for hurting. His nature, so says the highest philosophy, is to bless; therefore, His necessities are all on the side of blessings. He wills the happiness of all, therefore He wills the happiness of my sister's child. Now, I do also, will her

happiness, and therefore will her marriage with Sir Walter Templar."

"But our ancient faith, Judah. That must be maintained."

"Wherefore maintain it uncle, because it is an ancient faith? If it be the highest wisdom and the highest truth, by all means, uncle Isaac, let it be maintained, not because Moses gave it four thousand years ago, but because it reaches up to Moses as he stands to-day. Uncle, I have read a hundred sages, and have sought the truth in the heights and in the depths, the length and the breadths, in the good and in the evil, and I have always found that this thing called ancient faith is the lowest not the highest form of truth. Why, I would not be to-day so low, so cruel, nor so crude a thing as Abraham's God; nor would I have a lawgiver so barbaric as our Moses. He and his faith are too ancient. Now, I am no Christian, uncle Isaac, for, in spite of my infidelity, I am Hebrew in my instincts; yet the man Christ elevates me more than the man Moses. His divine nature, excepting as we are all divine, every atom, every attribute, good or evil—his being the son of God, as christian orthodoxy makes him, is, to me, folly; yet would I take this Jesus as the standard for mankind, rather than our Moses. Jesus is not so ancient; and his modern views suit me better; and his philosophy of love and Catholicity harmonizes with the better and the higher state of man. Moses was lawgiver but to Israel,—this Jesus to a world. He pleases my intellect because he is the Gentiles God, for the Gentiles make a world, we the Hebrews but an atom of that world. I say, let the Jew and Gentile mate, for in that mating, mankind is made more universal in their forms, and spirit; and, therefore, more modern—not more ancient. Out upon this ancient faith! I would have the faith of the future—not the faith of the past—for the one is barbaric, the other enlightened. Why go back to our father Abraham, and Moses our great lawgiver? They were great; and, in their time, the foremost of the world; but now they represent our semi-savages. Plato and Christ, were two thousand years ahead of them, because they were two thousand years *less ancient*, with natures and characters equally great. Uncle Isaac, never trouble about maintaining our ancient faith, but marry your granddaughter to the Christian."

"Judah, thou art wise in thy intellectual views, but perverted in thy religious faith; yet thou wilt agree with me that Israel must not die out of the world."

"Yet, Uncle Isaac, if Terese wed not Sir Walter Templar, *your* Israel will die out of the world. She will marry not and be childless, and your race in her will become extinct."

"Alas! Judah, thou sayest truly. But I would he were a Hebrew."

"I love my niece, and would have her happy, and therefore am I satisfied that Walter Templar is a *man*; were she naught to me, I should not care if he were a Hebrew."

"My son, the Hebrews were the chosen people."

"So I suppose, Uncle Isaac, all mankind are chosen to reach the better state of the world, for I see the Gentiles fast traveling towards that better state. They are wiser, better and more tolerant than were Israel of old, so they are chosen too and for a better work. Our forefather's were but savage fanatics, intolerant and narrow minded who looked upon all the human race besides themselves as dogs. If to be all this, fitted them to be a chosen people they were fitted and were doubtless chosen."

"The Hebrews were the favored of God. Thou wilt own, Judah, at least thou wilt own that they were His favored and peculiar people."

"So I suppose all men are favored who deserve his favor. As for peculiar-flavored grace, I cannot say I like the smell of it. So, Uncle Isaac, be less peculiar, and marry my niece to the Christian noble."

"I would, Judah, that thou wert lest a skeptic."

"And I that my niece were Sir Walter Templar's wife. But let her die a maiden, since you will it so."

"Nay, nay, Judah, I will it not."

"And childless, since our religion makes her childless. 'Tis the will of heaven."

"Nay, Judah, nay."

"It is not my will, nor yours, nor heaven's; wherefore then should she not be Sir Walter Templar's wife? For, if she is not that, the other follows."

"Well, well, Nephew, I have decided. She *shall* be the Christian's wife; but I would to God that he were the poorest Israelite in all the world, rather than a gentile. Yet, Judah, I confess he is a nobleman more than in title."

"Your intention, then, is to visit Sir Richard Courtney's family Uncle Isaac?"

"Such is my intention."

"And then the union between Rachel's child and Walter Templar? This must be unalterable or I move not in the affair. That which I undertake *shall* be accomplished, if within my power, or I undertake not. Say, is it unalterable?"

"Alas, Judah, my grandchild must marry the Christian; but I would it were not so. Be satisfied, it *is* unalterable."

"As my will," concluded Judah, "when such a necessity encompasses me. To-morrow, Uncle Isaac, we start for Sir Richard Courtney's."

CHAPTER XLIX.

TERESE'S GRANDFATHER AND ALICE COURTNEY.

To the great joy of the Courtney family, Alice rapidly revived. She had a purpose to accomplish, and that was to bring about the union between Walter and Terese. In the beautiful fancies which had taken possession of her mind, she was playing the ministering angel even now. Her own union with Walter was to be but for the moment; that between Walter and Terese was to come after she herself had passed into her proper sphere of spirit-bride. Walter daily tried to remove this fancy from her mind, but he could not; it increased, and with it a certain impatience, as though she was restless to be in her own sphere. She seemed waiting for something which she expected would certainly come.

Walter and Alice were sitting alone on the terrace in front of Courtney House, when a carriage was heard driving up the avenue of the park. In a few moments a chariot, with four horses, and postillions, drew up near the door; Judah Nathans alighted, and then helped a venerable man, with a flowing white beard also to alight. The former was in an instant recognized by the two cousins, but when the old patriarch arose in his seat, Alice looked up into our hero's face with a heavenly smile, and said:

"Dear Walter, *he* is come. I have been waiting for him. It is Terese's grandfather."

Walter was too much agitated for a reply. He experienced a certain shock at the realization that Alice's fancies were beginning to come to pass.

"Is it then more than a vision of her fancy? Is Alice to be my spirit bride and Terese my bride of earth?"

The thoughts were in his brain as quick as lightning. Alice gave to him another heavenly smile, for she read these thoughts with her spiritualized instincts; and then leaving her cousin, she hastened as fast as her delicate health would allow, to welcome to Courtney House the grandfather of Terese.

There was great concern, almost consternation, in the family of Sir Richard Courtney, at the arrival of their unexpected visitors—unexpected by all excepting Alice. In the presence of his youngest daughter, Sir Richard sought to avoid all reference to the past, and hinted to his visitors that Sir Walter and himself would privately commune with them in the evening. So the afternoon passed off with some constraint on both sides, not much to the astonishment of Judah, who expected reserve in Courtney. Alice, however, was particularly attentive to the grandfather, and treated him much with the same reverence as though he had been her own. Walter alone understood this, and still he was agitated by the thought.

In the evening, the gentlemen withdrew for a private conference in Sir Richard's library, excepting young De Lacy, who was left with the ladies. But previously, Alice took our hero aside and whispered:

"Dear Walter, tell them all. The time has come. It will pain my father, but he must know it. Before the close of your interview I will come. I shall know the moment."

Walter Templar was awed. He could not remonstrate with Alice at such a time, knowing how fully possessed her mind was with her fascinating programme. Indeed, he was almost fearful to break in upon her theme with a thought disconsolate to it, lest it should agitate her. So he promised to obey, and left her with a look of tenderest concern, for he felt that her strange dreams could be realized.

As soon as the gentlemen were fairly together in the capacity of a council in Sir Richard Courtney's library, Isaac Ben Ammon requested his nephew to lay before Sir Richard and Sir Walter the subject of their visit. This Judah did, in his clear, concise style, and the baronet and his nephew listened without a word, until he came to the flight of Terese, when Walter broke in, with anxious concern:

"Terese fled? And six months ago? I pray you, Mr. Nathans, stop not for the connection of your narrative, but relieve my suspense at once: Is she found?"

"Yes, Sir Walter. Her grandfather received a letter from her the day before yesterday."

"Is she well?"

"She is well."

Courtney then explained to his visitors that his family, after the last interview with Mr. Nathans, had deemed a union between Terese and Walter impossible; he then dwelt upon the months of deep grief of Walter which succeeded, and his retirement from almost all association with his family; and then, though he confessed that it was a delicate subject, he frankly related the case of his daughter Alice; and that the father's heart had plead with Walter for his darling child's life, and hope had not been denied.

"Alas, Alas!" lamented Isaac Ben Ammon. "You have saved your daughter's life, but I have blighted the earthly happiness of my grandchild. Judah, the hope of Israel has departed for ever now. Let us go. Our business is ended. We will start to London this very night, and then to Paris."

"Not so, uncle Isaac."

"In vain you remonstrate, Judah. Let my eyes rest upon my grandchild again, my ears catch her words of forgiveness, and then I will sleep with my fathers, for the hope of Israel has indeed departed now."

Isaac Ben Ammon arose from his chair to carry into immediate execution his resolve. Walter followed, to beseech him to remain, with the intention of communicating the part which Alice had charged him with; Judah kept his seat, with a calm mind and a resolute will; while Sir Richard also kept his seat, in deep sympathy for the heart-broken old man, but felt that any attempt at consolation from him would be like mocking the patriarch's grief. Thus were suspended for a moment the personages met in the library of Sir Richard Courtney. Alice Courtney opened the door of the library and stood upon the threshold contemplating the scene. To Walter Templar she seemed a spirit indeed, for he knew the purpose of her coming, and her appearance at that moment suggested to him that she was moved by mysterious inspirations. This, in fact, was the case. She had been strangely agitated for the last ten minutes, and then, led, perhaps, by some invisible hand, she sought the gentlemen in the library to tell her strange story of coming events. For an instant she stood upon the threshold, and then, entering, she took the Hebrew patriarch by the hand, and with the single word, "Grandfather!" she led him to his seat again. The maiden next took a footstool, and placing it near Isaac Ben Ammon, seated herself at his feet. The old man was awed, for she had taken the place as though she had been Terese herself, and not Alice Courtney. Sir Richard was puzzled by his daughter's conduct; Judah wondered, but in a moment took in the fact that Alice was not long for this world, and deemed her now acting under impulses of delirium. Walter alone fully realized the situation and the painful *dénouement* to come.

Alice then told her father all her fancies; how she had pledged herself to Walter to be his spirit-bride, designing Terese, after her death, to be his bride of earth; and she closed with a prayer to her father to grant her dying request.

Sir Richard Courtney wept; Isaac Ben Ammon wept and laid his trembling hand on the maiden's head; Walter buried his face and moaned in anguish of spirit; Judah Nathans looked on with a strange intellectual concern, for he had another problem before him. At length Sir Richard Courtney burst forth in his great and sudden grief:

"Oh child, my child; can this be so?"

Alice left the side of Isaac Ben Ammon, and approaching her father, threw her gentle arms around his neck and kissed him tenderly, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Papa, grieve not for me. I am *not* going to die. I am only going to the better world. Alice will be with you and Walter always. I am not going to die, papa. Jesus Christ will give me eternal life."

"Jesus was of Abraham!" mused Isaac Ben Ammon, more, however, as a thought than an observation.

Sir Richard held his daughter to his heart for a moment, and then putting her gently a little away from him, gazed intently into her beautiful face, in which a spiritual light shined, to try to read a refutation to Alice's fancies there.

"No, no, my darling," he said; "it is not so. 'You are not going to die!'"

"No, papa, *not die*. Only sleep a moment to wake above."

"Oh, my daughter—my darling little one, is it then no painful dream?"

"No dream, dear papa."